

double sense of lovely' and 'noble', stands
epitomised the
wisdom that the modern mind, I think,
most needs to
learn from the land which bred the men of
Thespiae thus
to honour equally both Eros and Ares, beauty
and bravery,
art and life.

Not the Grace of Langland, then, but the
Graces of
Hesiod seem to me, even in moods of
depression, the only
powers that can save life, now as then, from
its worst
enemy, the sense of its own futility. There
have been
societies, since Greece, which have not
invoked them in
vain—the Japan of Genji, the intellectual
aristocracy of
eighteenth-century France. Yet how can our
own dis-
tracted age, with its vulgarity and its
Philistinisms, its
lack even of lost causes, hope to regain
some of their
sense of 'style' in life, when so many of its
writers take for
their theme the barbarous, the sordid, and
the trivial; and
so many of its critics write of art itself with
the emetic
jargon of the laboratory and the fanaticism
of the con-
venticle? It is not that we cannot honour
our own
generation, with its scientific prodigies. But
what is life
with these alone? Half-broken with the
killing research
of *VEsprit des Lois*, Montesquieu one day
took breath
and wrote: 'Vierges du mont Pi&ie,
entendez-vous le
nom que je vous donne? Inspirez-moi. Je
cours une
longue carriere; je suis accable de tristesse
et d'ennui.
Mettez dans mon esprit ce charme et cette
douceur que je
sentais autrefois, et qui fuit loin de moi.

Vous n'etes
jamais si divines que quand vous menez a la
sagesse et ft
la v6rit6 par le plaisir.

'Mais si vous ne voulez point adoucir la
rigueur de mes
travaux, cachez le travail meme; faites qu'on
soit instruit
et que je n'enseigne pas; que je reflechisse et
que je paraisse
sentir; et lorsque j'annoncerai des choses
nouvelles, faites
qu'on croie que je ne savais rien, et que
vous m'avez